

FROM FRANCE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, Sept. 23, 1864.

Here is news at last, great news, that the whole world has been waiting for. Italy has at last made a step forward. Some weeks ago it was understood that the Emperor, who since 1862 had declined to discuss the matter, had received a special messenger from Turin; and it was further understood, dismissed him and his propositions in contempt. Ten days or so ago rumor came that the something like negotiations had not been discontinued, then ran that they were going on steadily, then leaped ahead to their conclusion, ahead of all nationalities, clearing all obstacles, outrunning the course of time, Austria to recognize the Italian Kingdom as it is; Italy to renounce claim to Venetia; France to give up Rome to Italy, &c., &c. Some better, some worse for Italy than these, were the rumors, reports and conjectures of the agreement arrived at. By the beginning of this week, when the *Moniteur* preserved absolute silence, and the semi-official noted only brief broken, discordant notes, the public mind fully occupied with the subject, felt its greed for information on private letters from Italy, on letters printed in foreign journals from their correspondents in Italy, from the editorials of Turin journals, from the indicative rising questions of Italian funds at the Bourse. When, at last, every body was confident that there had been negotiations between the two Courts, and that these had ended in the belief of the *Constitutionnel*, of which Mr. Paulin Lamy is the organ, who performed a little voluntary yesterday on the theme of the day, of which the following are the key-words: "The Italian Government having made known to that of His Imperial Majesty, its purpose of removing its Capital from Turin to Florence, for strategic, general, domestic, political and administrative reasons—that if His Majesty considered that the moment was come favorable to resumed examination and discussion of the conditions that would permit the withdrawal, with perfect safety, of the fifteen-year-old French garrison from Rome." That's the prelude, as played by M. Lamy, to the main event, some fantastic variations on the motive in the air, hummed, whistled, poured down, shared by visible and invisible other performers, which shall be spoken of again further on, of time and paper more are left me at the end.

This resumed study and accompanying pro and con conversation of the Italian question, had for issue a diplomatic agreement or convention of which the main points (so far as Paulin L. is inspired to touch on) are these: (And here, excuse an application of italics and small caps, the economically-brief and conveniently abbreviating means of typifying a judgment on this score.) Italy not to encroach on the actual territory subject to the Holy Father; not to suffer, *fini, finally*, to prevent any attack on this territory; France to withdraw her troops from Rome gradually, as the H. Father organizes his home army, but to evacuate at latest within two years from 15th September, 1864; Papal army to be recruited, if by Papal Government, by foreign Catholic volunteers, and to be strong enough to maintain Italy's authority (temporal) and the tranquility of its States (as actually constituted); and of these provisions; Italian Government not to flout the army, provided that this army does not become an instrument of attack upon Italy; finally, Italy to assume so much of the Roman debt as the ex-provincials of the Church are proportionately answerable for.

Supporting this authoritative presentation of the convention—agreed upon by the Courts of Turin and Paris, but not yet closed with the sanction of the Italian Parliament—is faithful, both in committing to print its main features, and in not omitting (as some suspicious eyes fear) stipulated Italian liberal positive guide for phantasmagoric guess projected for the provisional amusement and wearisome long abuse of National Italian patience—supporting this, I say, what is the significance of the Franco-Italian convention of 15th September, 1864. *Qui c'est le vrai*, Master Lamy, follows up his rather original editorial comments on his own ordered performance just mentioned, by quotation at full length of Napoleon's remarkable letter of 26th May, 1860, addressed to his Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Thouvenot. When his present ministerial Clerk of Affairs, M. Drouin de Lhuys, came into office, some months later, this letter was printed in the *Moniteur*. Yesterday that famous and singularly "able State paper" was reprinted in full in the *Constitutionnel*. This morning it re-appears, after two years, in its native *Moniteur* columns. It was, at the time of its treatment with deservedly protracted remark in this correspondence. Let me earnestly recommend its re-perusal and thoughtful study to all of your readers interested in the primary, ever present and pressing question of Western Europe, to all admirers of Louis Napoleon's unrivaled skill as constructor of shilling, movable, self-compensating, rotatory, provisionally permanent political platforms. In the way of ingenious double-dealing, of forgetting and learning, of turning up all right, of lighting one's feet, of falling bettered side up—in fine, in the way of political and diplomatic and "unwillingly principled" clever gymnastics, his French Majesty could give lessons to Mr. Seward or to Mr. McMillen—let alone Platform-constructors of either the Baltimore or Chicago school of ramshackle, unprincipled architecture.

But to return and look at the Franco-Italian convention as it is authoritatively presented to us. The transfer of the Italian capital from Turin to Florence, if it looks from one point of view like a long provisional renunciation of Rome as the true capital of the Italian Kingdom, looks from another point of view (made clearly by a glance at a good map) as safe re-entrance of a military conflict with Austria for the possession of Venetia. The withdrawal of the French garrison from Rome, with all its conditions, despite its conditions, implies the leaving of Italy to itself, forcibly implies in the future internal reform of the administration of what is left of the Papal, fully admits the *fait accompli*, in respect of the annexation to the Italian Kingdom of the Romagna, as another one of the stipulations positively includes acceptance of the annexation and unification to and with the Italian Kingdom of the various duchies. In fine, Napoleon, representing French policy, the essence of which traditionally was to secure the dependence of Italy on France by its divisions and consequent weakness, does now, after years of open and underhand resistance, recognize, accept, and unwillingly promote the visibly fated drift of Italy toward unity; does, once for all, renounce the vanities and fallacies and reactionary qualifications interjected into the Villafranca treaty, and cling to afterward at Zurich. On the whole, the meaning of the Convention of 15th September is, that while the Emperor and Victor Emmanuel have compromised, the Emperor, in face of facts, the "châcôté" that winds and down-bell" disputed, has yielded more to the King of Italy than the King of Italy has yielded to the Emperor of France. *Per contra*, doubtless, the King, and perhaps other parties, have taken engagements to suppress and keep suspended the party of action in the peninsula—and so in Europe at large. Say one sacrifices the Pope's temporality in response to the sacrifice of Garibaldi by the other.

Letting pass for the moment consideration of the relative loss and gain to the general cause of liberal progress, and of retrograde fossilism, or of stock-still conservatism, your reporter is glad to say that the Franco-Italian Convention of the 15th instant, is generally regarded by well content and malignant, liberal and reactionary critical consciences, as on the whole, a decidedly forward-march sign and movement, and really substantive proof of progress.

And here is very well worth noting recent expressions of opinion uttered at the Catholic Congress lately held at Malines and elsewhere, by the very able, sincere, earnest, and in all senses best partisans of the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church—well worth noting for this, that they intimate, indicate resignation—the very ablest and strongest going forward to full and even cheerful resignation of the temporal principles. The Vice of Christ. The sign that the very wisest see and feel, that the semi-wise had utterly in-

core are getting ready to see and feel, that the Holy Church, its truly effective maternal power of faith and love, do not depend on the pitiful independence on all modern political decadence of a seven-hundred princeling, who inherits the city and suburbs of Rome under sufferance of a foreign monarch, and by virtue of his last 15,000 bayonets.

And now, omitting note of the enormous reported sales and occasions of the Franco-Italian Convention of the 15th instant—only glancing as I pass, to these *quæstiones* among many facts: That the Emperor *quæstiones* France for health and beauty giving *quæstiones* about the time that this Convention—unfortunate to her Pope, worshipped with Spanish devotion, and was getting itself agreed upon; that Prince Murat, and his claims to Victor Emmanuel's rights over Naples, were sent off on a voyage to Jerusalem, and clean out of the way; that Prince Napoleon, Prince Humbert, and lots of other disturbing elements were sent, got, kept out of the way of simple, hard-working, practical statesmen—omitting to enlarge on all this, and on the very interesting reported extensive preliminary pro and con conversations between the high representative spokesmen of the Italian and French Governments, and of the Exchange of Paris and Turin, omitting all this, let us jump to other topics.

The English language, imperfect on its British side as the French, has no wealth of tongue as the French hath not, to express the differences and differential delights of Pumpkin (I despise the native American name who spells the galled vegetable "pumpkin") and Squash. The French, brought sensibly, the stomach, mean well, they are round in sentiment. They are not like our ancestral brothers and natural enemies, the British (by which we mean, with all our Democratic American ennoblement of unwilling admiration of the higher classes, ignoring of the intelligent classes, and grateful forgetfulness of the able and gallant advocates and defenders of our American Union cause by eminent individuals of the eminent intellectual class, professedly hostile to one of the best of our national vegetables. Nay, they have here in Paris the custom of celebrating yearly the merits of the big Pumpkin of the year. Pumpkin, do I say? Properly speaking, the Pumpkin is unknown to France.

Squash, from abstractedly distorted crookedness, not to be confused with Valparaiso, circumstance, is what they know of here, and, promiscuously, *potage*, as thickening for soup, do not use as an independent vegetable, do not make into that agreeable, infernally indigestible compound—"pumpkin pie"—except at Madame Barquet's, (where, for his sins, your correspondent has to confess that he was one of four Americans, fourteen years ago, to first introduce that form of dyspeptic proterid into Europe), but do respect, and once a year do honor to, in the person of the biggest of the kind for the year that is offered at the central market of Paris. Last Saturday was royal pumpkin or squash day; the "King of Potatoes"—by which understand Valparaiso or other overgrown squash, not pumpkin—for 1864 weighed 260 pounds, measured more than ten feet in girth, was paid for 108 francs, say \$22 in gold, and was brought up with great propitiation and metropolitan honors in and from the Loire country, the garden land of France.

But it is sending coals to the Parker Vain, to send pumpkin reports from France to America. But in another vegetable respect—not an unimportant one for nourishing comfort and delicate luxury—we have to learn from France. It is rather a pity that the most intelligent, enlightened and best of all people of the universe—as we are—should let it lie in the fields the edible mass of mushrooms, ("mushrooms") that we do. Mind, that in the first place, there is properly no such growing thing as a poisonous edible mushroom. The utterly simple, practical and scientifically sure, brief process of reading any edible mushroom a healthful nourishing vegetable, was not forth in this correspondence two years ago. Properly speaking, there is no such thing as a poisonous mushroom. And now, by side of the royal crowned squash, note this edible fungus (*agaricus edulis*) spring up and poked on a piece of waste ground in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Said *agaricus* measured considerably more than ten feet long and weighed over two pounds and a half. In fine, it was big that it grew into the newspapers, and sprouted out into paragraphs, and spread into celebrity, whereas another thoroughly authenticated fungus of the edible sort gets itself reported with all its proportions, an indicative one of which is, or was (for now it has been eaten and relished and well digested). Its circumference of ninety centimetres, a little less than a foot across of diameter succulent.

My eye! Your stomach, ingenious American countryman, why not pick out and grow fat on this one among others of the many luxuries that a kind Heaven provides you, and seeing where the cooks come from in the proverbial order of things, study the laws of *cocture* a little yourselves. We Americans ought to be the best, we are among the most villainously worst fed people of the globe. At the U. S. Legation of Paris, U. S. Minister Sanford, generally resident at Brussels, was formally united in the state of matrimony to Miss Du Puy, of Philadelphia. The ceremony was performed last Wednesday by the Rev. Dr. Shelton of Buffalo, for ecclesiastical part, our potential Minister Dayton looking on and kissing the fair bride, for the civil part. The happy couple, followed by the best wishes of many friends, are gone, by rail, to Spain, where I am told they have fine castles building. Apropos of Spain, a story comes from Madrid, along with the reports of recent political movements there, to the effect that the Spanish Government is seeking good show of excuse to back out of its fearfully expensive, hopeless St. Domingo adventure.

FROM LONDON.

The Muller Scandal Unabated—The Supposed Murderer Under the Microscope—Curiosity of the Press and Public—Discussion of the Cuban, Matthews-McClellan in England—Talk of Him and the Ensnaring Presidential Election—Mr. Sala on Americans in General—The "Pence" Address in the Streets of London—Items.

From Our Special Correspondent.

LONDON, Sept. 24, 1864.

There is no abatement apparent in the Muller sensation: the once obscure German tailor continues to be the lion of the day. From the moment of his arrival down to his last appearance in Court, the man's behavior, aspect and conversation have been subjected to an amount of publicity at once ridiculous and revolting. The most trivial details, the barest commonplace particulars, are eagerly seized upon by the rapacious hand of the daily press, and buttoned out between its broad pages as if they were so much fine gold, to be converted into any quantity of precious gold.

The suspected murderer read "Pickwick" on his return voyage across the Atlantic, "kindly lent to him by Inspector Tanner," and "was much amused by it, in particular by the great breach of promise trait, he said he never forgot Sam Weller." Furthermore, "he has begun David Copperfield." (How delightful Mr. Dickens must be!) He was tired, and lay down. Sometimes he converses freely, and sometimes he seems absorbed in meditation. He looks around him; he rests his head upon his hand—in short, comforts himself like any other human being. This sort of thing by the column daily. As Jerrold wrote, long ago, on a similar occasion, "The murderer takes coffee." On the instant a hundred-goose quill registers the fact. The assassin eats one, two, three slices of bread and butter; and one, two, three slices are faithfully registered by the historians of blood. The murderer smiles, and the over-watchful public instructor makes inventory of the homicidal dimple. The man queller "talks unconcernedly" and the light chat-clat of the unengaged wretch is served up for families at Sunday tables. The miscreant sleeps, but the press, a harpion gossip, sits at his pallets and counts his throes, his groans, marks his convulsions, and straightway vends her babble to all buyers. "To take human life is terrible; but is there no guilt in moral murder? Is there no crime in systematically killing the finest capabilities of our

nature by daily and hourly familiarity with the atrocities of monsters? Look at the placards exhibited throughout London for these past three weeks! We read nothing but "Blood!" The very walls cry "Blood!"

The circulation of the cheap daily papers affords a sure test of the interest felt in any current topic. On the day of Muller's first examination in Bow street second editions containing full accounts were published by 2 p. m., yet on the following morning the sale of journals at the news-vendors and on the streets was unprecedentedly large. That of the popular *Telegraph* was, I am informed, only exceeded by its circulation on the day subsequent to the entrance of the Princess Alexandra into London. Judged by the newspaper standard, the sensation produced by Garibaldi did not approach that occasioned by the trial of Franz Muller. Bow street and its vicinity was absolutely mobbed, inasmuch that vehicles could not get past the police cord. The Burdell case in New-York, of which I am strongly reminded, is altogether eclipsed.

We have the most contradictory reports of the prisoner's physiognomy and general appearance. Some gentlemen of the press describe him as altogether comely-looking, well-dressed and intelligent; others as remarkably intelligent, prepossessing and agreeable. He has "a coarse face, a heavy lower jaw, and snaky eyes," and "a clear, bluish complexion, fair yellow hair, a smooth, boyish skin, and his head is what physiologists would consider a good one."

From what I gather privately from those who have seen him, I infer the man is a quiet-looking person, with deep-set eyes, and a resolute—if not obstinate—mouth. His demeanor seems to differ in totality from what might be expected from a man who felt himself in a very awkward and painful predicament, but was convinced that the suspicious circumstances alleged against him must be explained away before long, and therefore has to read reality as to the result. The *cartes de visite* of Prince Louis of Hesse have been sold about the streets and the country as portraits of Muller.

The investigation as yet has thrown a little light on the subject of the murder. Mr. Board, the counsel for the accused, has a written statement from Muller, to which he refers constantly in his cross-examinations. It is generally expected that no attempt will be made to invalidate the fact that Muller was in possession of the property of the murdered man, and the whole tenor of the questions put to the witness suggests that he is to be exonerated at the expense of the cabman, Matthews. That individual has become very unpopular with the London press, who indirectly depict him as not unlike the amiable Riderhood, in Dickens's novel—the "charlatan" who is capable of "swearing his way through a stone wall." Matthews responded very early, indeed, more so, to the cross-questioning he was subjected to, and the circumstances of his persisting that he never heard one word about the murder, of which all London was ringing, until a week after its occurrence, is against him.

To be sure, his behavior may be natural enough in an ignorant man, desirous of obtaining the reward offered by Government, and prone to "ride up" at unseasonable legal badgering. Remember how the unhappy Jack, who was the means of convicting Dr. Webster of the murder of Parkman, was exposed to most unmerciful odium and execration. The *New-York Herald* actually denounces him as guilty of the crime he testified against. There is a curious but perfectly natural inclination in many people to overlook a fact which is directly before their noses, to go round the corner, like so many moral Chity Symes, in search of that which lies immediately in their way.

Enough, and to spare, of the predominant topic in London. There is but little other news, especially non-political. I think we are much about your forthcoming Presidential election, if not more than any other public question. And so a word or two on the subject.

As I have written before, all the Tories, the nobles and the monks, the sympathizers with the Bishops, the black-runners, the chucklers over the destruction of American commerce, the haters of democracy (in its absolute sense), the believers in the "battering of the republican bubble," in short, the instinctive enemies of American nationality, are warm advocates of General McClellan. I have listened to many of them, and not a man but is curiously and effusively interested in his behalf. They were more so, it is true, before the publication of his letter of acceptance, which was at first looked upon as unsatisfactory, involving a pledge to continue the war, but—anything but Lincoln, let me be bold of and what may not be hoped? But for the fall of Atlanta and the successes before Mobile, you could have been surprised at the dead set that would have been made here at the North, at the war, in favor of intervention, &c., &c. Sherman and Farragut fought "wider than they knew," and discomfited the ones three thousand miles off, in their recent victories.

Now, the Anglo-Germans hope, anxiously, in the election of McClellan. He will "take the Union business" when elected, they say, at all events do his best to break the fall of the South. He is "a gentleman," his sympathies were to be on the Southern side. He has had the advantage of mixing with real, educated soldiers in the Crimea; he must feel that this American civil war is really a nuisance, and his fellow-countrymen, generally, a pack of blunders, who would be much better off if subjected to a good, strong paternal despotism, than permitted to cut one another's throats under a beasty republic. Am I writing nonsense? I tell you this is talked by hundreds of Britons who imagine themselves well-informed on American affairs. So much more you have been deceived, so much vilified, so foolishly, so wretchedly misapprehended, that Federalism! But imagine you to be as blood-thirsty a cannibal as ever danced the carmines around the gallows in the first French Revolution. Here is the estimate of Mr. George Augustus Sala, Special Commissioner of the *Telegraph*, a paper boasting "the largest circulation in the world." It is sure to get reprinted on your side of the water, but can hardly be too much commended to your notice. The italics, he it remembered, are those of the amiable and religious author, not mine:

That shocking contempt for sacred things, which an ill-regulated familiarity with the Scriptures has begotten, is visible and palpable at almost every conference in American daily life. I have striven to draw attention to this fact in that which I wrote concerning the "exercises" at Tammany Hall, and in a dozen places yet of reverence, but with a design to show that the practice of a Christian religion on the North American continent has degenerated and deteriorated through the unworthiness of the ministers of that religion—that its vital spirit has been gradually waning during the last generation—Not a nation concerned as confessors and about us, and who strive to reduce order and precision that they might know their faith intact, here is a body either sunk into apathy, or oriented religion only its worst features, its forms and simulacra—and that active and earnest Christianity has been practically a *tabula rasa* and destroyed through the unworthiness of the ministers of that religion—that its vital spirit has been gradually waning during the last generation—Not a nation concerned as confessors and about us, and who strive to reduce order and precision that they 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